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SONNETS. ?

To THE RIGHT

HONOURABLE; MOST RENOWNED AND
VALIANT

ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX
AND EWE,



VOUCHSAFE, thrice valiant Lord ! this
Verse to read, When time from cares of
more import, permits ; The too dear
charge of my uncharged wits 1 And that I do
my lighter Muses lead To kiss your sacred
hands 1 I mildly plead For pardon; where all
gracious virtue sits, Since time of yore, their
Lord's firstfruits admits ; My bashful Muse
(which lost her maidenhead In too dear travail
of my restless Love) To you, my Lord ! her
first-born babe presents ! Unworthy such a
patron ! for her lightness. Yet deign her zeal !
though not the light contents ; Till, from your
virtues (registered above), To make her Love
more known, she borrow brightness*

To THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS
LORD, HENRY, EARL OF
SOUTHAMPTON-



RECEIVE, sweet Lord ! with thy thrice
sacred hand, (Which sacred Muses
make their instrument) These
worthless leaves ! which I, to thee present!
(Sprung from a rude and unmanured land)
That with your countenance graced, they may
withstand Hundred-eyed Envy's rough
encounterment; Whose Patronage can give
encouragement To scorn back-wounding
ZOILUS his band. Vouchsafe, right virtuous
Lord ! with gracious eyes, (Tho.se heavenly
lamps which give the Muses light,